

ISSUE
02

ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN®



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**SPENCER
MEDINA
VLASCO
GRACIA**

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**LIVING IN A WORLD
WHERE MUTANTS ARE
HATED AND FEARED MORE
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS
BANDED TOGETHER TO
FIGHT BACK.**

ULTIMATE COMICS **X-MEN**



PREVIOUSLY:

After the revelation that the U.S. government was responsible for the creation of the x-gene, the world reacts violently. With riots breaking out across the country, the remaining X-Men have gone on the run. In New York, Kitty Pryde a.k.a. The Shroud, Bobby Drake a.k.a. Iceman, and Johnny Storm a.k.a. The Human Torch go into hiding, while Wolverine's son, Jimmy Hudson, goes on a journey to discover the truth about his father.

Meanwhile in Washington D.C., Nick Fury (head of S.H.I.E.L.D) and the President of the United States are debating the mutant situation, when Quicksilver suddenly appears, offering his services. Back in New York, the former X-Man known as Rogue is caught by mutant-hunting robots. Seeing their old friend in trouble, Kitty, Bobby and Johnny realize they have no choice but to leap into action...

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Professor Xavier was always trying to come up with new catchphrases, different things to call mutants.

I mean, that's all the X-Men ever really were. A marketing initiative. A chance to sell the idea that mutants could be good for humanity, that we could be *heroes*.

And how do you market something without a *slogan*, right?

So you get "*Homo Superior*" and "*The Children of The Atom*."

Or his personal favorite...

"*The Tomorrow People*."

Sounds great on loop, doesn't it?

It sent a message that we were the *future*. We represented *progress*, evolutionary and otherwise. We were what comes *next*.

But obviously there's a *problem* with being the people of tomorrow--

--and the fact that he never saw it really tells you all you ever needed to know about the Professor.

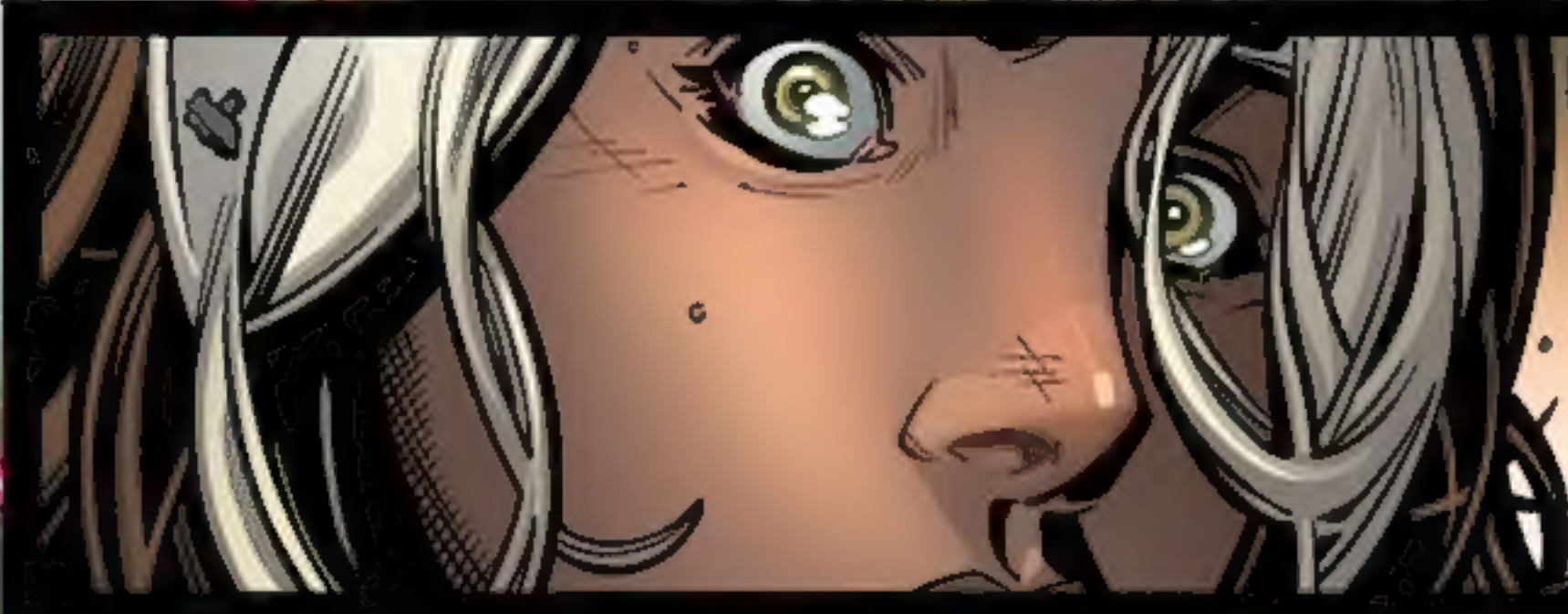
Tomorrow will never be *today*.

And you know, that's especially troublesome for some of us--


Since *today* is the last of what we'll get.

There he is, sir--







UNION SQUARE PARK. NEW YORK CITY.



MUTANT IDENTIFIED.
MARIAN CARLYLE.



SURRENDER NOW.
OR WE WILL BE
FORCED TO ENGAGE
PHYSICALLY--



Trust me,
dude, as
someone
who's dated
her...

THE HUMAN TORCH

That's
really not a
good idea.

Stop
bragging.

Told
you she was
hot.

Rogue, you
all right?

THE SHROUD

ICEMAN





Yeah, I--I'm okay. But guys... be careful. These Nimrods--

MUTANT IDENTIFIED.
KATHERINE PRYDE.

MUTANT IDENTIFIED.
ROBERT DRAKE.

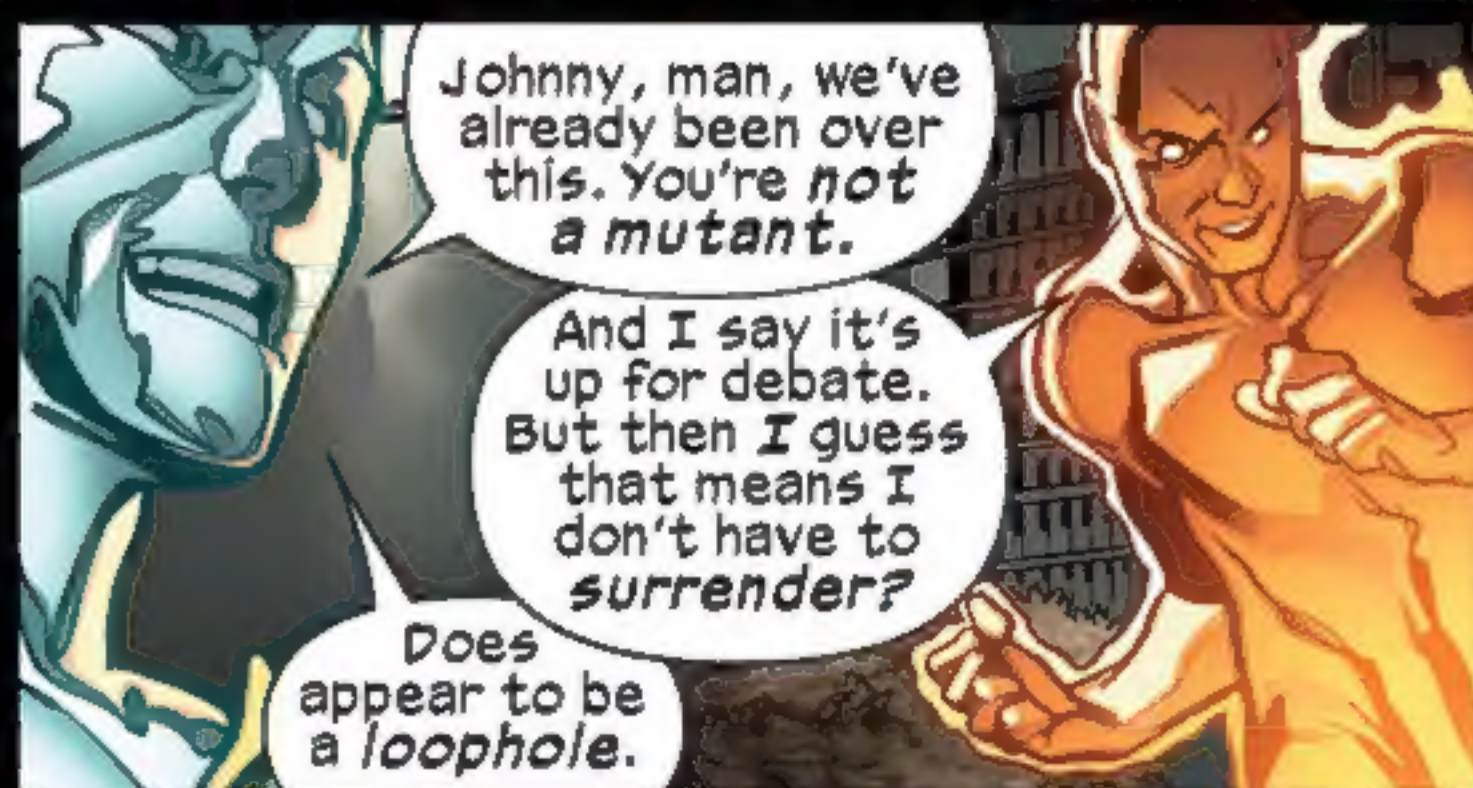
SURRENDER NOW.
OR WE WILL--



They know our names.

What about me?

We're famous!



Johnny, man, we've already been over this. You're not a mutant.

And I say it's up for debate. But then I guess that means I don't have to surrender?

Does appear to be a loophole.

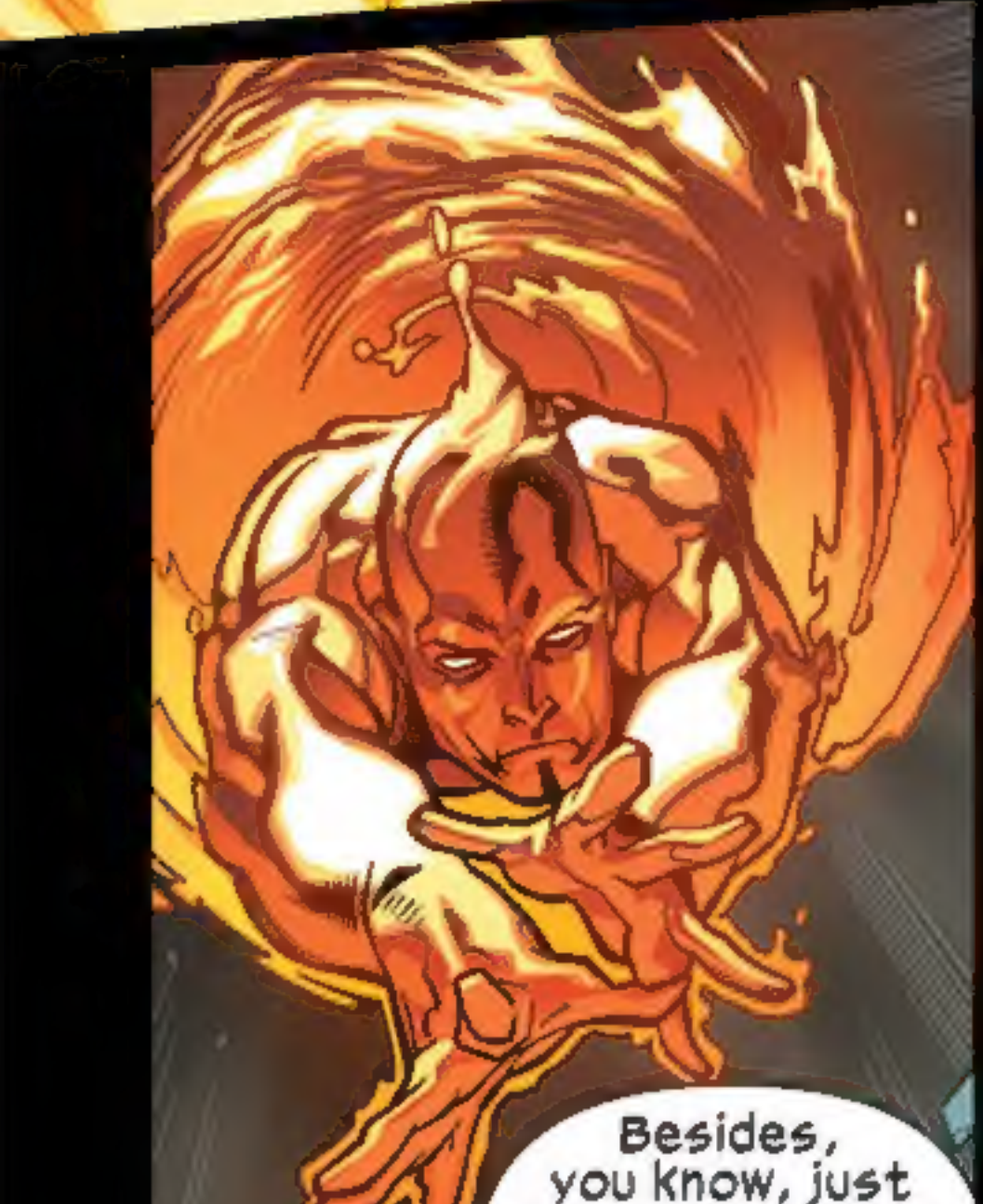


Ah, see? Now everybody wins.



MUTANTS HAVE RESPONDED WITH AGGRESSION TO VERBAL REQUEST. USE OF LETHAL FORCE NOW PERMISSIBLE.

Didn't you just hear me? I said he's *not* a mutant! Whatever happened to due process?

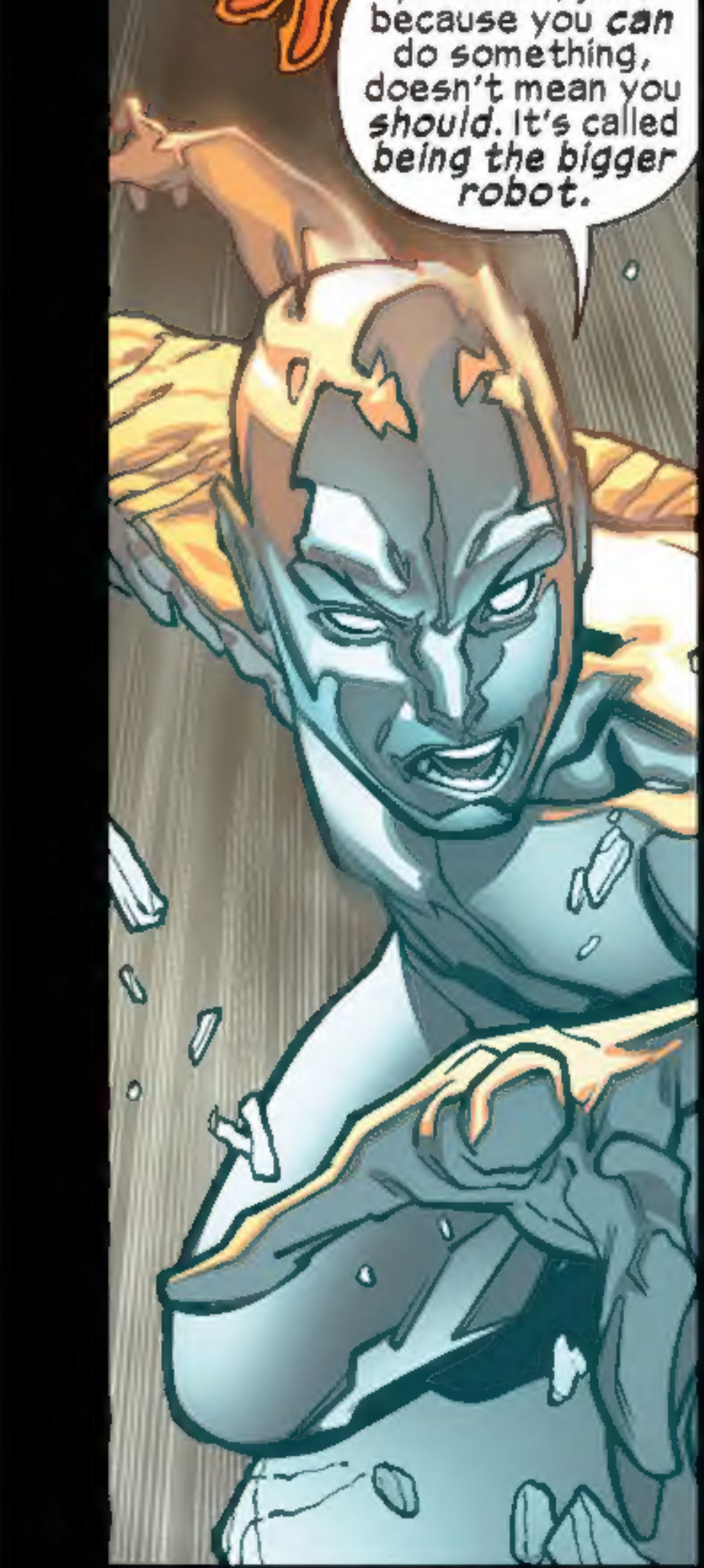


Besides, you know, just because you *can* do something, doesn't mean you *should*. It's called being the bigger robot.



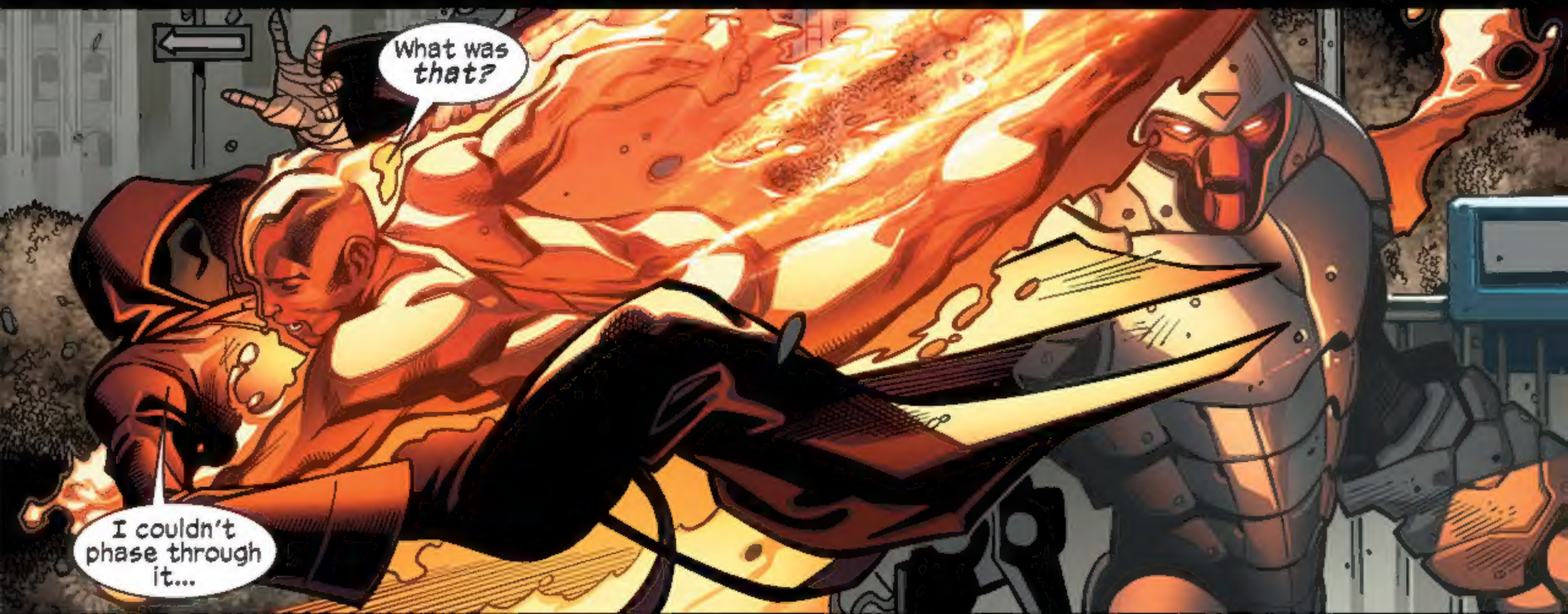
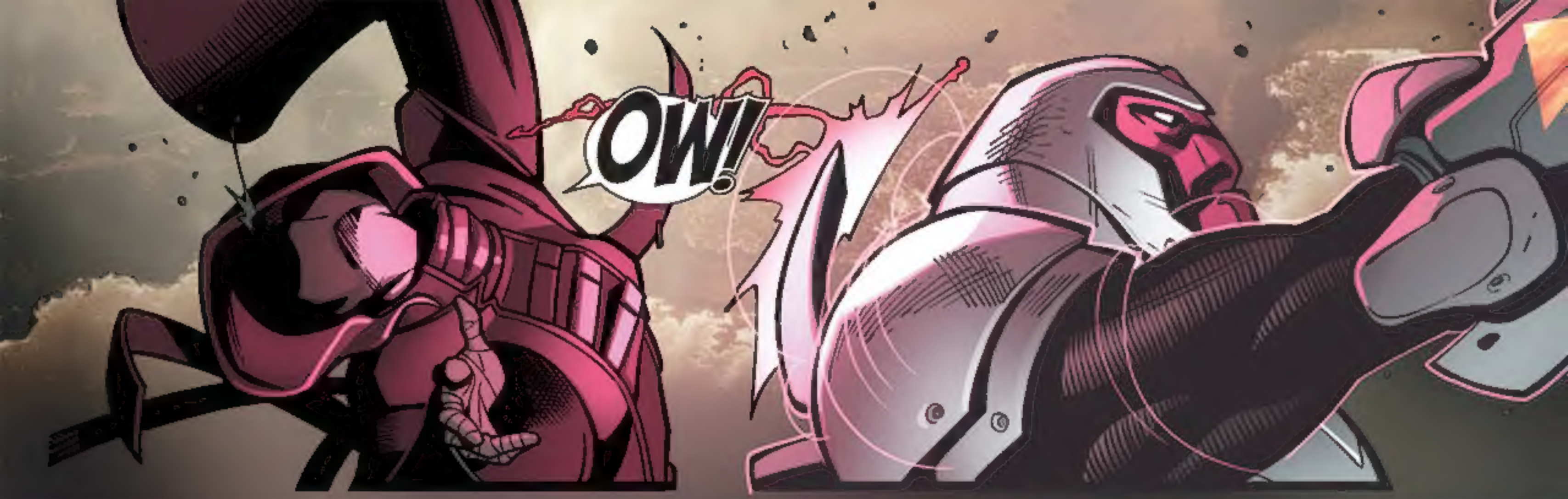
ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AND THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY, AND UNDER THE AUTHORITY GIVEN TO US VIA EXECUTIVE ORDER 3144, YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED--


Ugh, wake me up when you build the hot blonde Cylon, for now you guys are just annoying.



Guys, back off, I got this-- they're tech, probably won't like it much when I--

No, Kitty, wait!





Let's see
them dampen
this.

Time to
impress the
pretty Southern
lady.

Just a
nice night in
the park, only
about sixteen mil
worth of property
damage to answer
for. Not a lot of
room for
improvement
there.

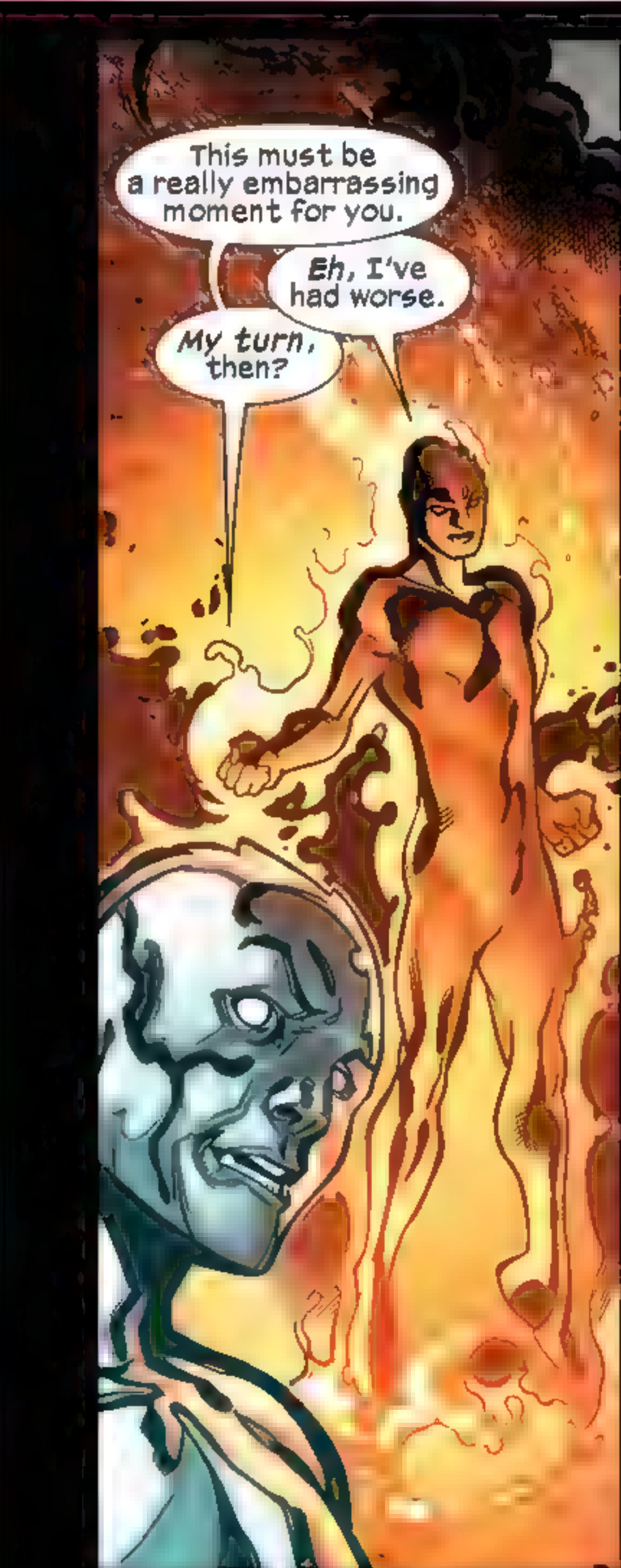
I say we
all call it a win
and go--

There,
see--? No
more weirdly
angry-faced
droid-
things.

FWOOSH



NIMROD MODEL SENTINEL
OPERATIONAL CAPACITY
CHECK: 98 PERCENT.



This must be
a really embarrassing
moment for you.

Eh, I've
had worse.

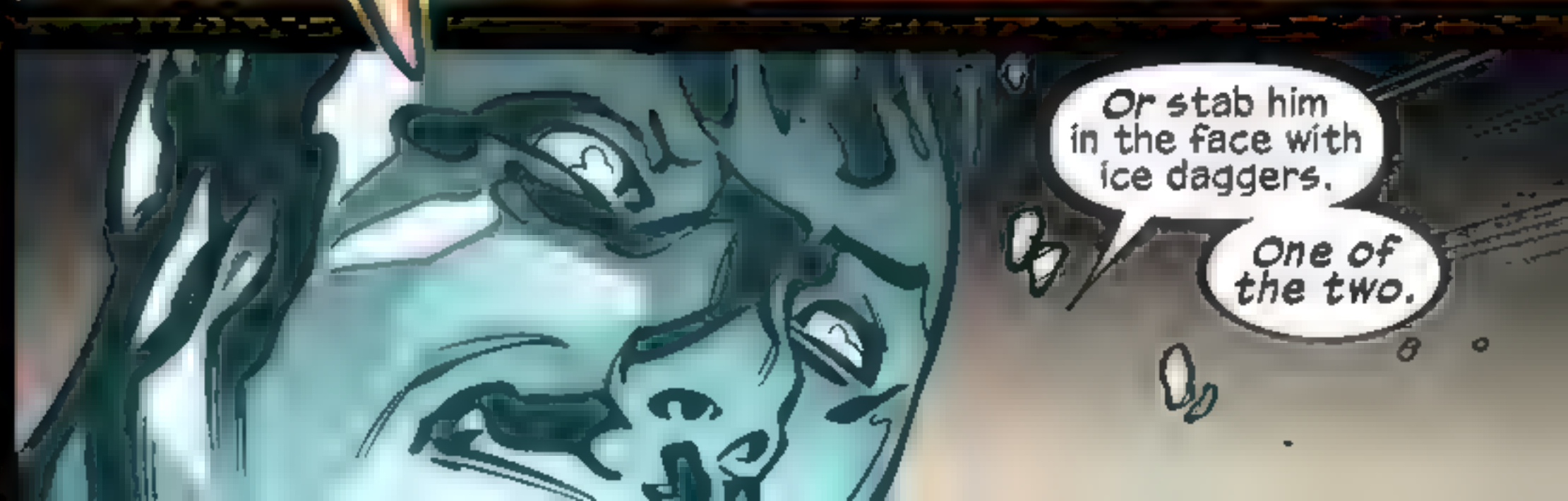
My turn,
then?



No--fall back.
These things are
too tough--

Aw, come on,
Kitty, haven't
you ever seen a
giant robot movie?
Underneath that *scary*
metal exterior is a
confused, puppy-
loving *softie*--

Just waiting
for some nice
boy to come along
and take him on
long walks in
the forest.



Or stab him
in the face with
ice daggers.

One of
the two.



You know, the thing is--I get why you guys would have a problem with her-- I mean, she dumped me for some dude who was like *thirty*. And he had a lame accent.

But if I can grow and move past it, then so can--

Y--AGGHHH!!!

I'm on it!

Bobby!



How bad?

I'm okay, it'll grow back... just leaking. Ugh...Gross.

This must be a really embarrassing moment for you.

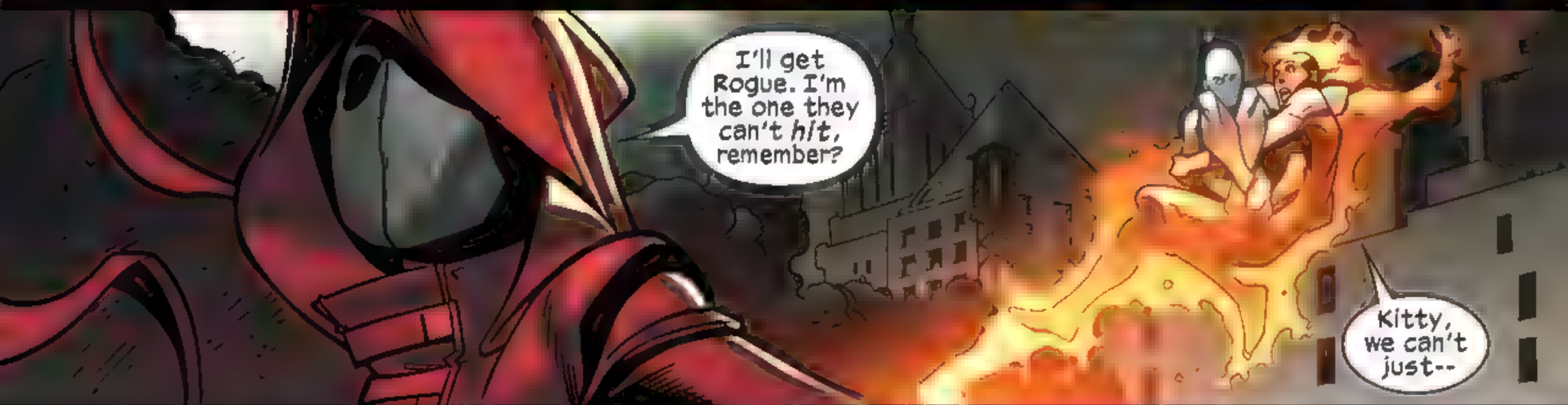


Get him out of here. Meet up with us at the rendezvous point in twenty.

Sorry, the what?

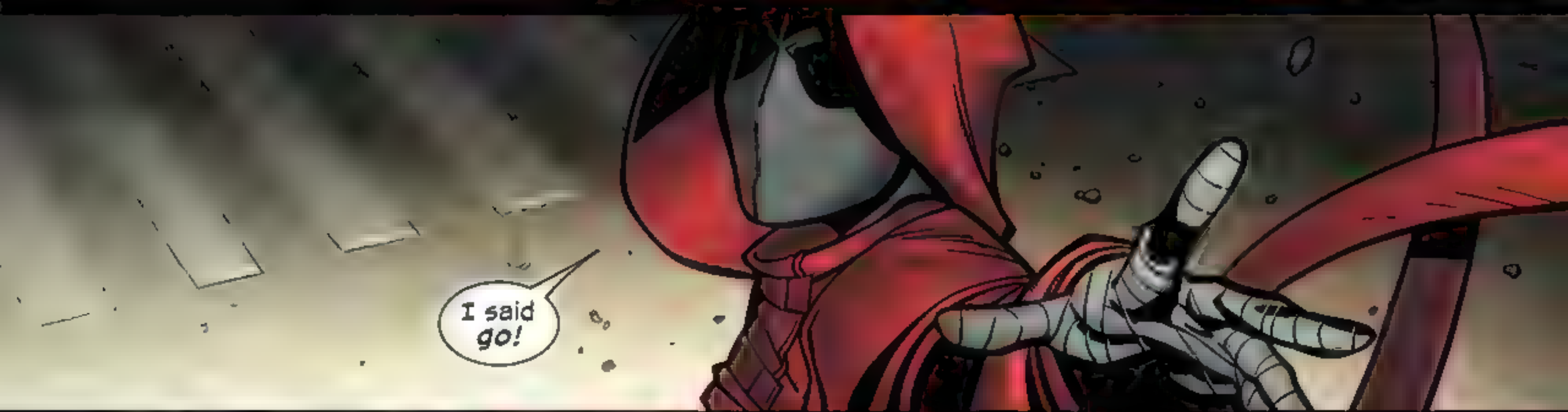
It's on Bobby's phone.

Oh...right. Okay. But--what about you?



I'll get Rogue. I'm the one they can't hit, remember?

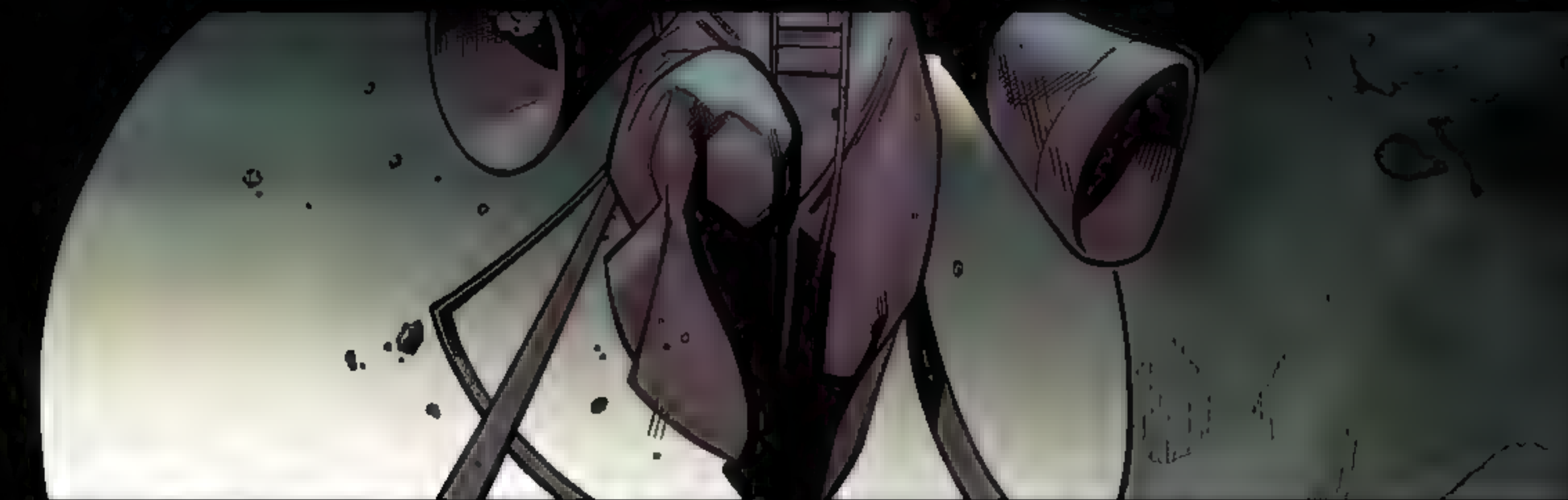
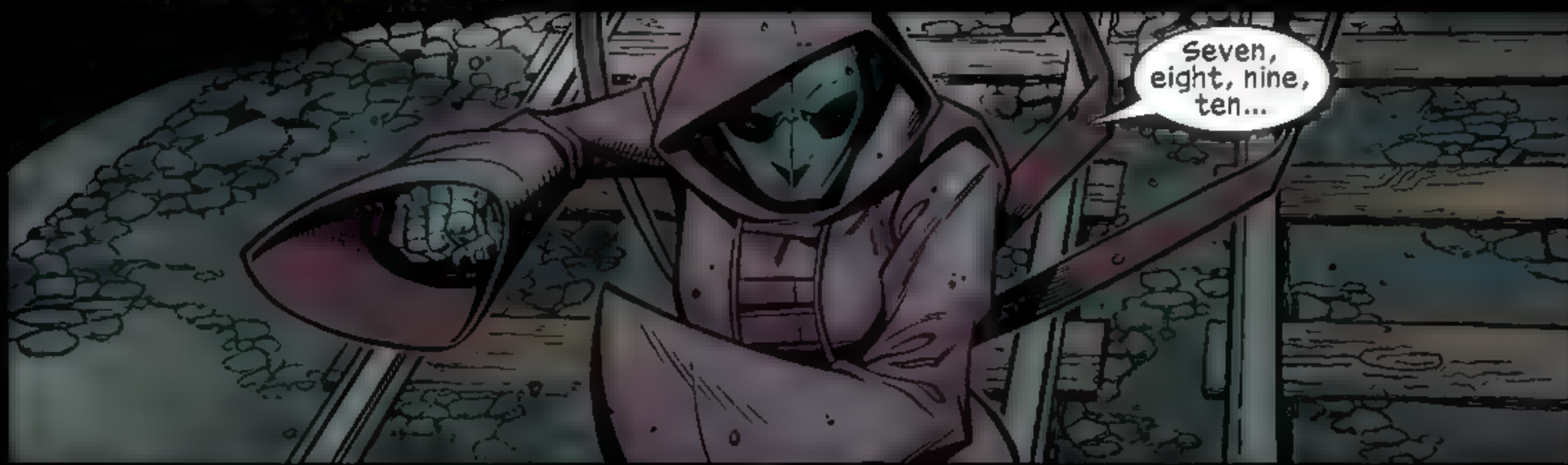
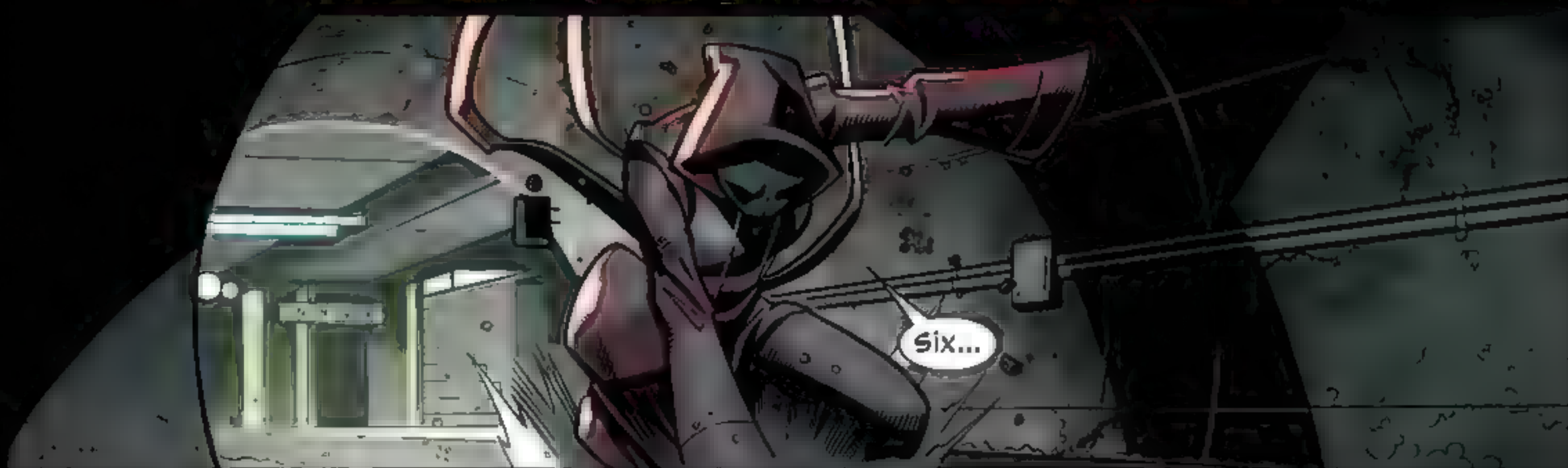
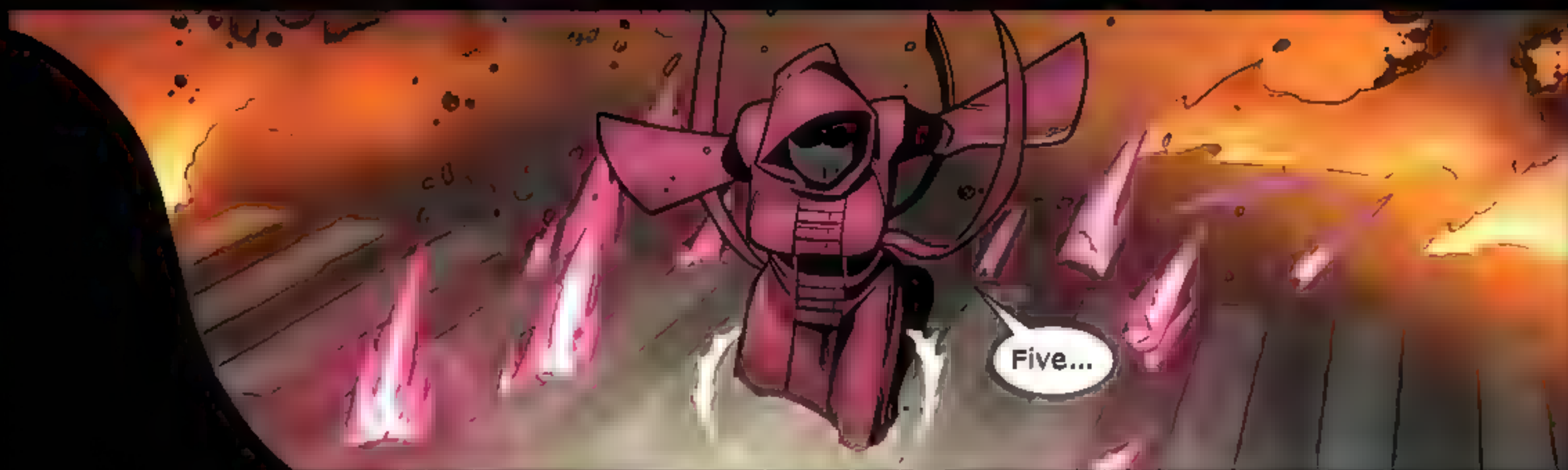
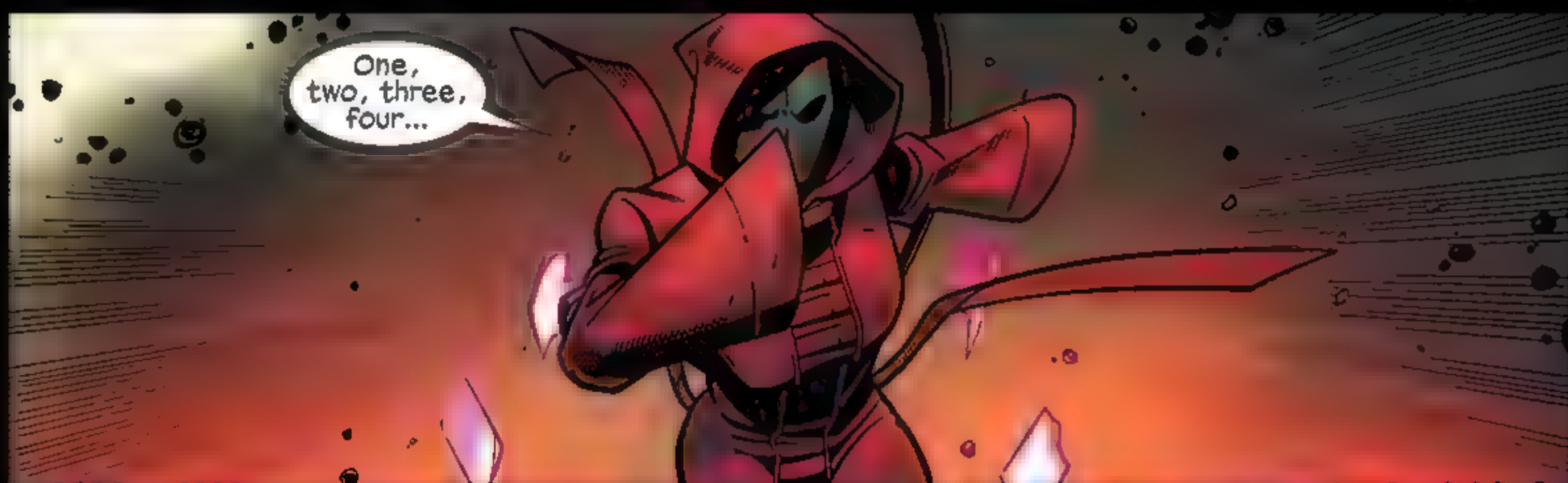
Kitty, we can't just--

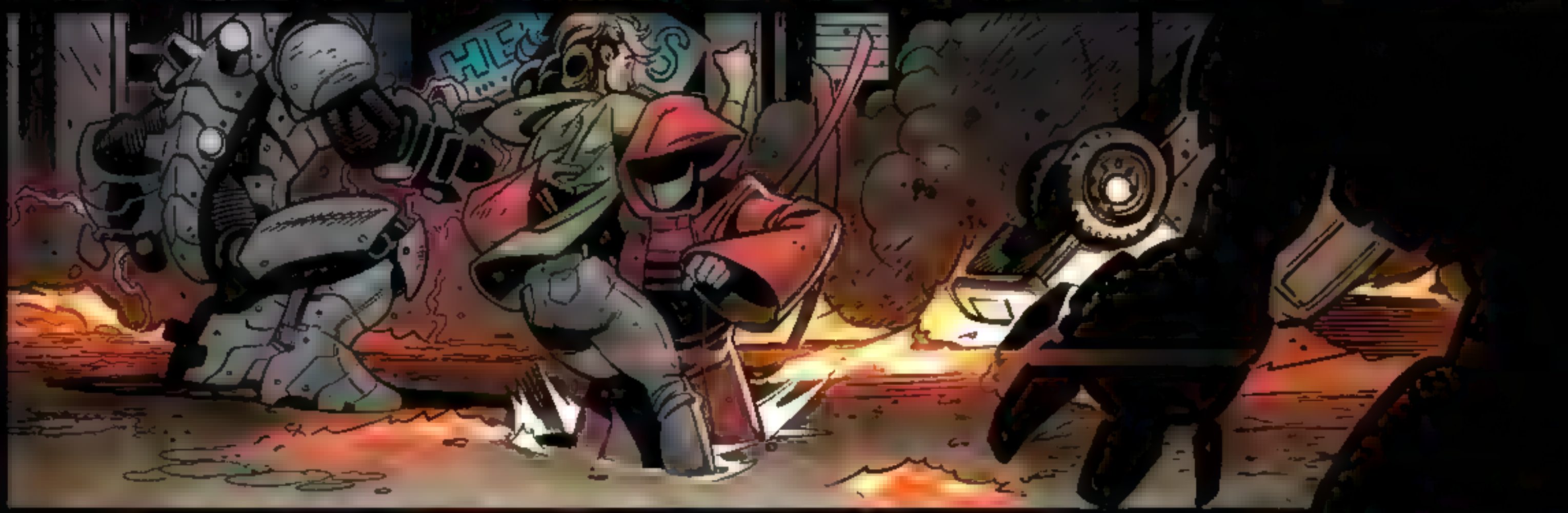


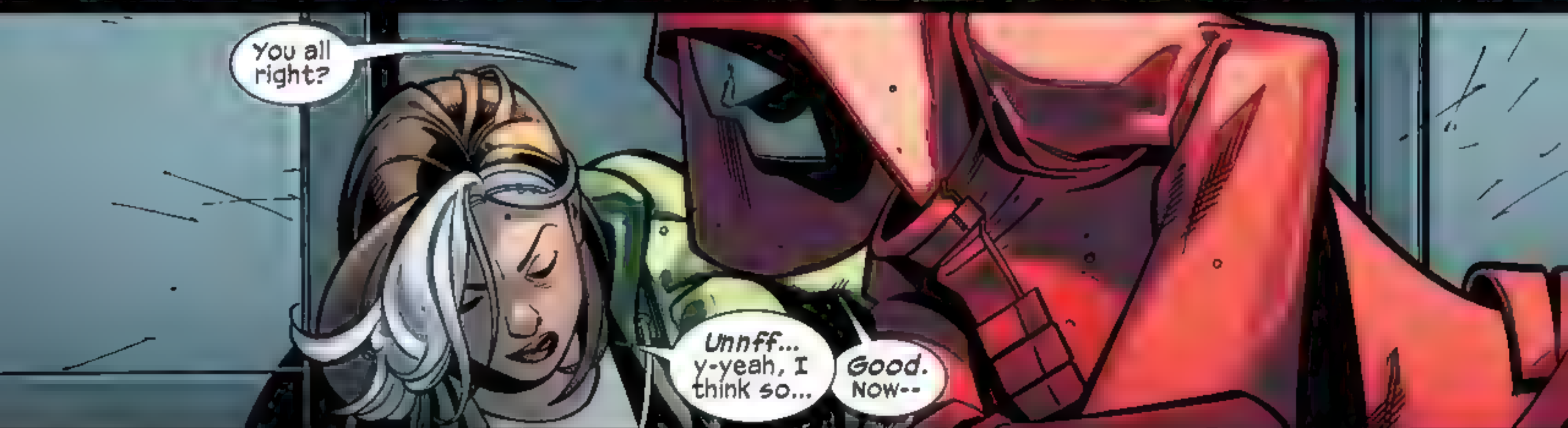
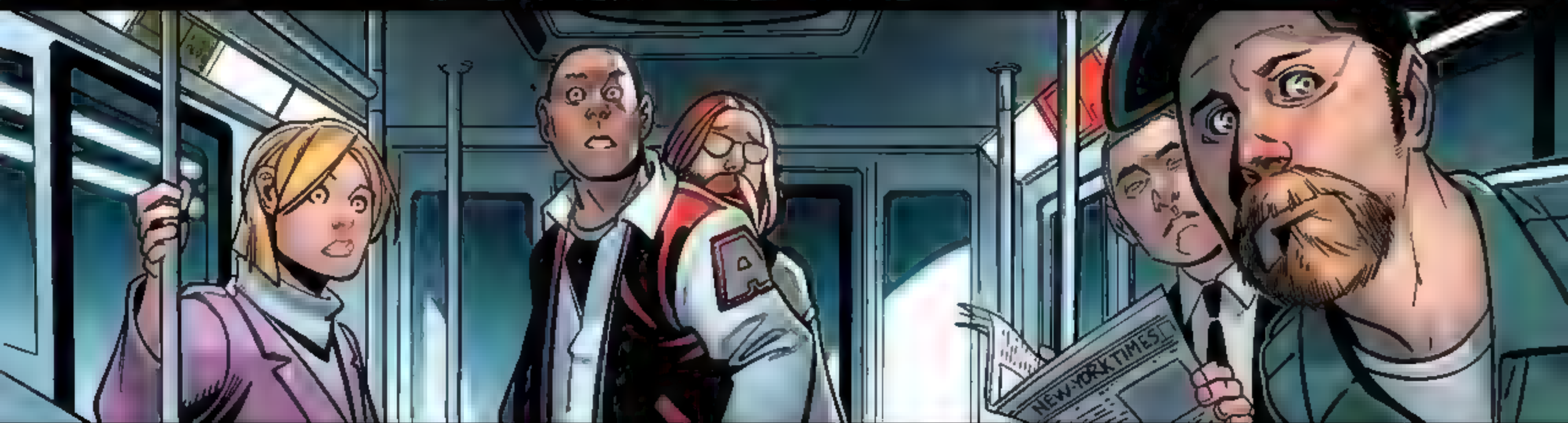
I said go!



I can handle this.









What the hell were you thinking?!

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get anyone hurt...

The news said *you* started this. That you went *nuts* all over Port Authority, then made them chase you all the way to Union Square.

Did you?

I had to get their attention.

Get their...are you kidding me?! I don't know if you noticed this, but when we get their attention, they *shoot at us*! A bunch of times!

Kitty, hey, go easy--

I did--I did what I was told to. I'm really sorry...

Told to do? Sorry?!

Let's all just--

He told me to take the bus to New York...he told me they'd come after me.

Rogue, who told you?

He told me that they'd find me and that you would rescue me.

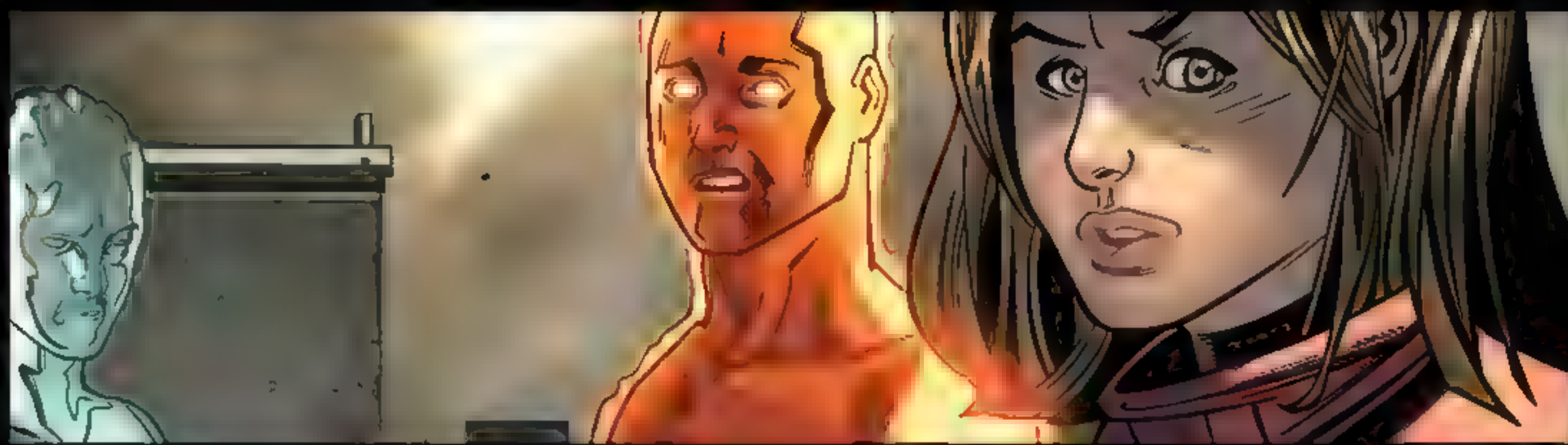
Who the hell told you to do this?!




God.

God told me that you'd save me. That you'd save *all* of us, Kitty.

This is all a part of His plan.



Ha! Bobby dated a crazy chick.

A comic book page with a dark, moody atmosphere. The background is a flooded, damaged building with debris and water. In the top left, there are three panels showing a close-up of Elise Cartwright, a woman with glasses and long dark hair, looking down with a somber expression. In the bottom left, a woman with long brown hair is seen from the back, looking towards Iron Man. Iron Man is in the center-right, standing and looking down at the woman. He is wearing his iconic red and gold armor, with a glowing arc reactor on his chest. The lighting is dim, with some highlights on the water and the armor.

NEW YORK, UPPER WEST SIDE

Elise Cartwright was always a little too much of a workaholic. A corporate lawyer--she never got married, never had any kids. But she liked life on her own, and she liked what she did.

She kept a small apartment in the city for the nights when work kept her out late enough to miss the last train back to New Jersey.

When Manhattan was flooded, she couldn't get back into the place for weeks. There were all these worries about the structural safety of the building, and the electrical work.

When she finally did get back in, she found two orphaned mutants, age fourteen, squatting, scared out of their minds. They'd been hiding in a crawlspace, only coming out in the middle of the night.

What should've been a quick call to the authorities became a cause for Elise.

She took the children in...and then came more. Nine in total--all mutants, all with nowhere to go after Magneto's attack.

So she gave them a place to sleep, kept them fed, and took a couple hours off work each day, playing mother and schoolteacher to them.

She didn't worry too much about the government finding them. She had money, after all, and she was smart.

She should've been worried about other things.

I--I know who you are.



Hm?

You're--you're Admiral Stryker's son. You're the one that attacked the Xavier school. I saw it on the news.

That's right.

I guess this is your thing, then? *Hunting kids*? That make you feel like a *big man*?



Hh. Not quite. Do you have any children, Elise?

I'm not going to--

Do you have any children?



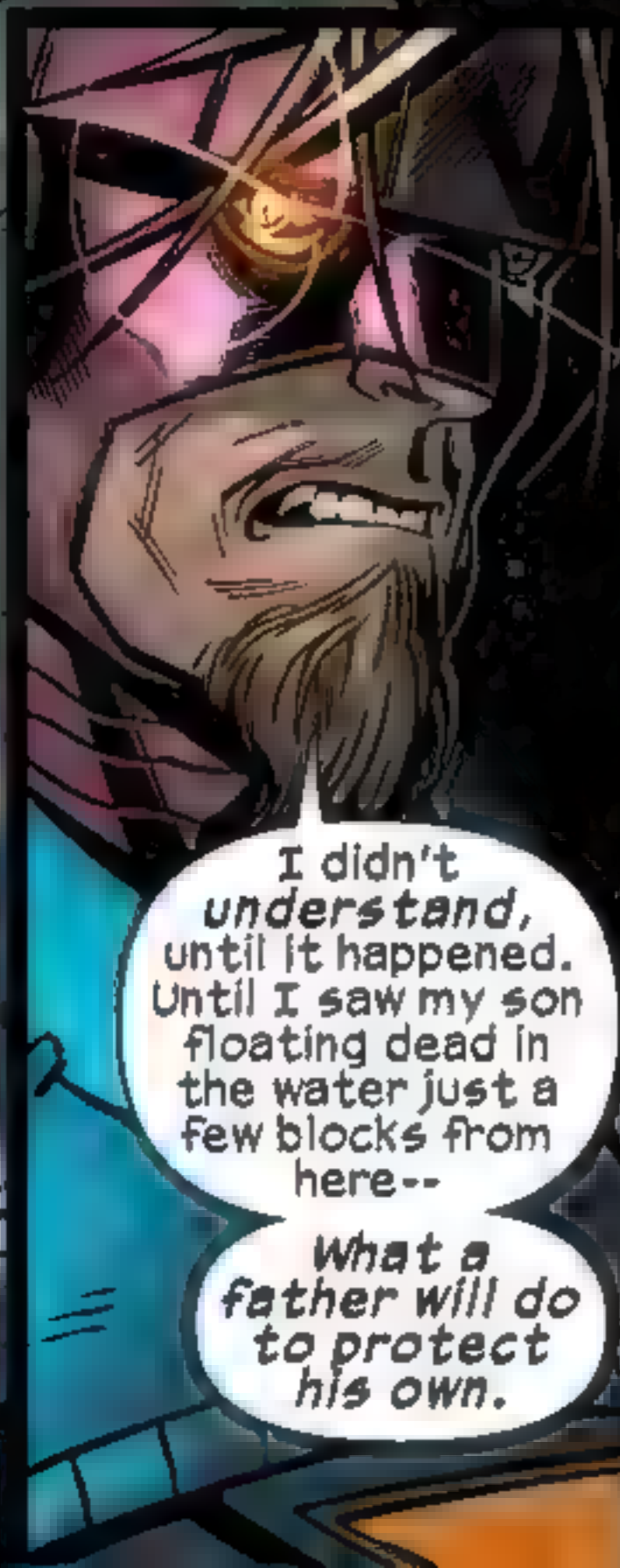
I have nine.

Hh. Of course you do. But I mean the flesh and blood kind.



See, I was a *preacher*. Back before the wave. And I was so *ashamed* of my father and all that he did. To *mutants*, I mean. I thought he was a monster. A *butcher*.

Then I had a little boy of my own. And I swore up and down that I would teach him to be a *kind* man, a *tolerant* man. That I wouldn't be like my father, and I wouldn't raise *John* to be like him, either.



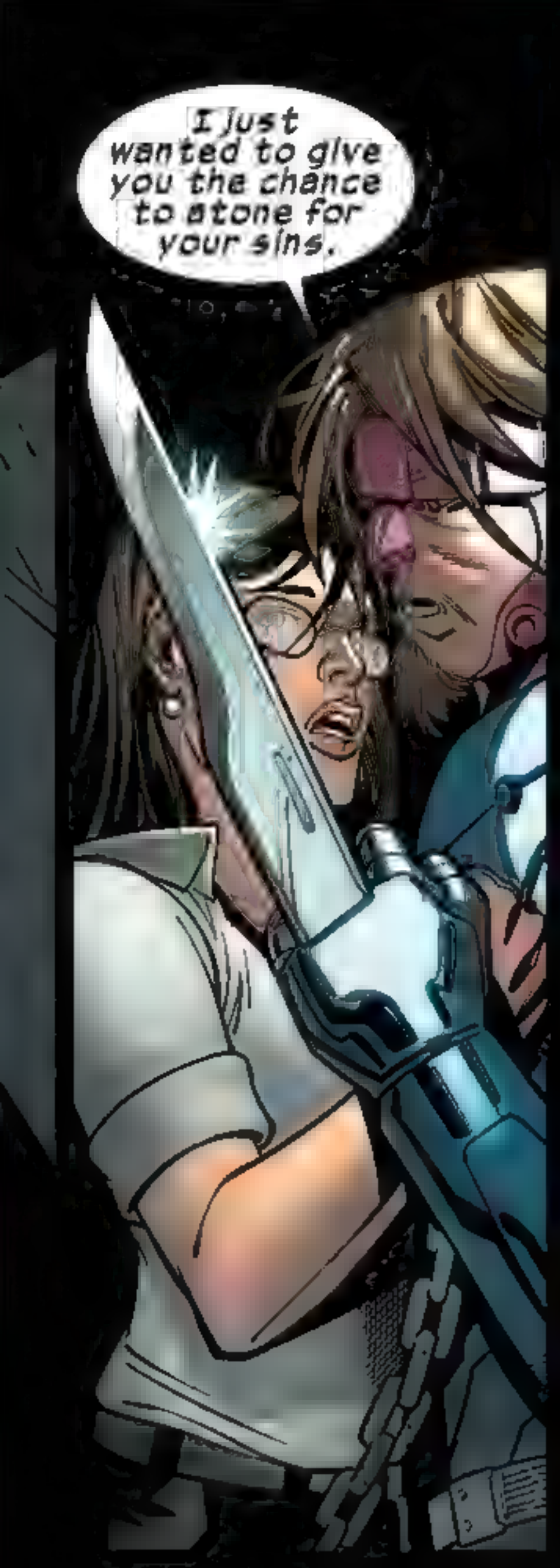
I didn't *understand*, until it happened. Until I saw my son floating dead in the water just a few blocks from here--

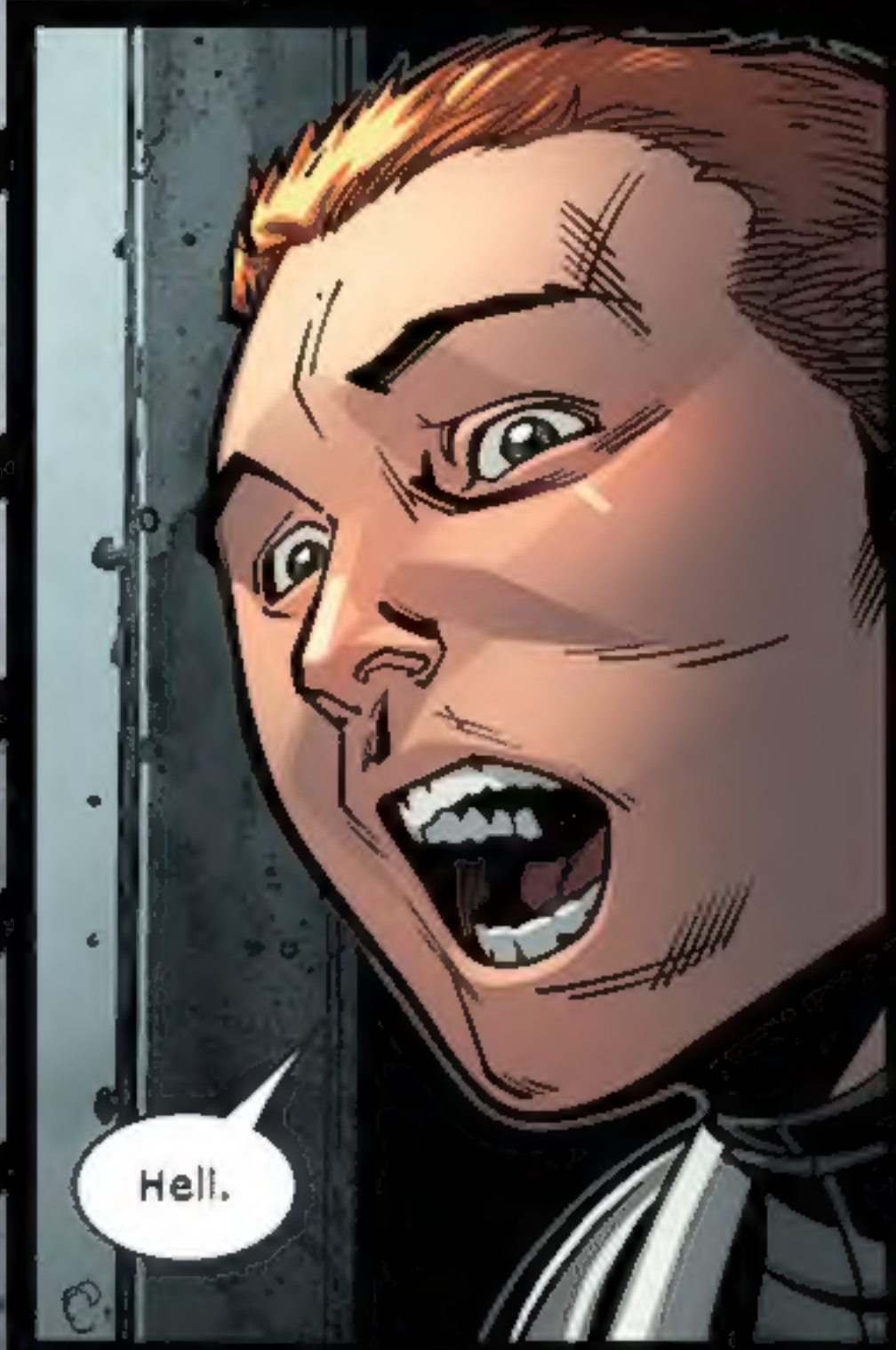
What a *father* will do to protect his own.



I'm *not* going to tell you where they are. And you'll *never* find them. So why don't you--

I'm sorry, Elise, but that just *isn't* true. I already *know* where they are--





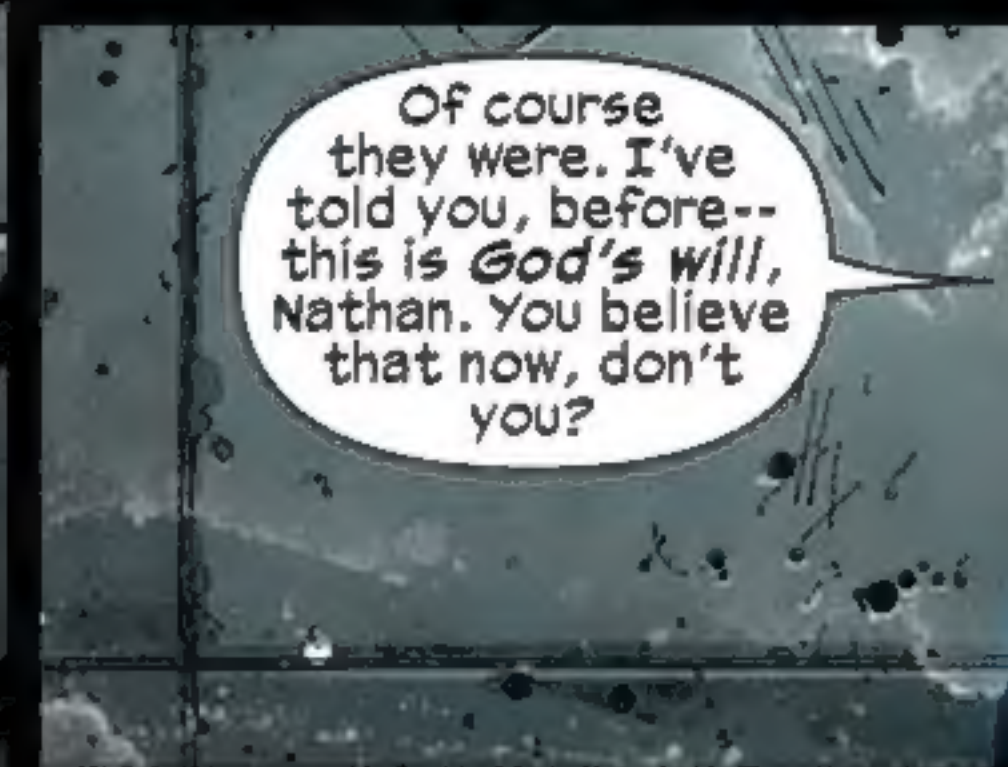
Hell.



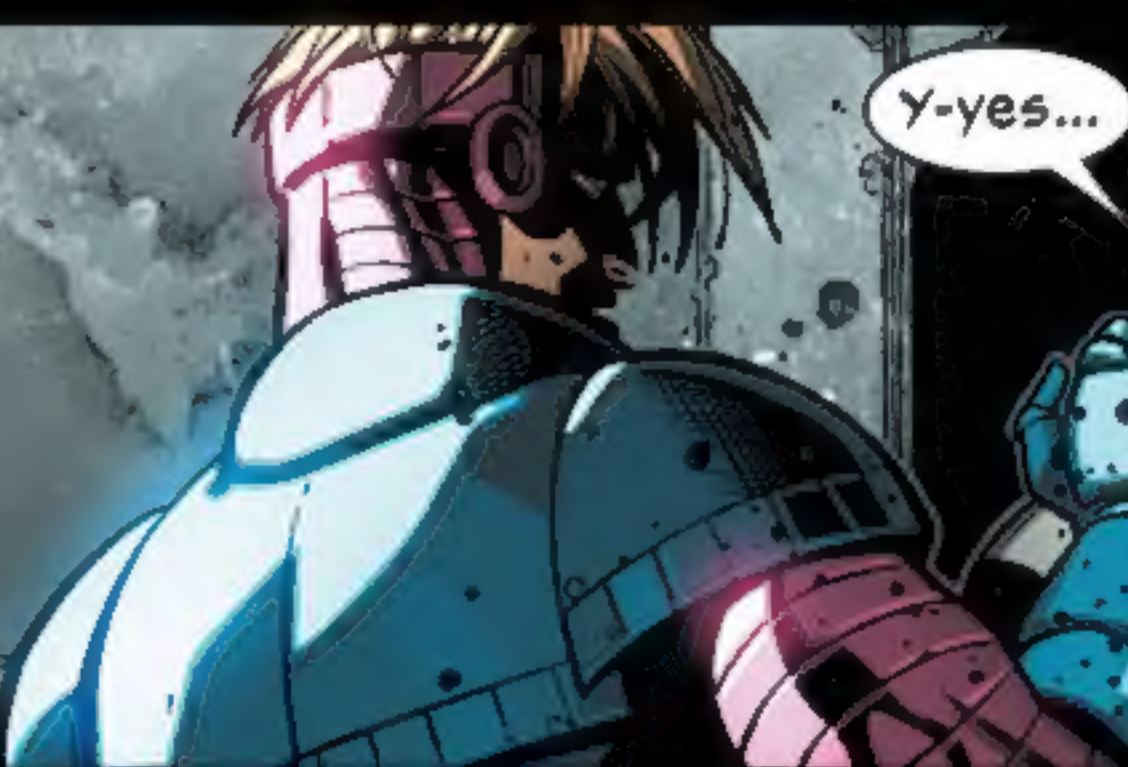
What is it, son?

It's just-- w-we found the children. I don't understand it, but--they...

They were in the brownstone, out in Carroll Gardens. They were right where you *said* they would be, sir.



Of course they were. I've told you, before-- this is *God's will*, Nathan. You believe that now, don't you?



Y-yes...



Good. Then let's go get the rest of the men and make our way over to them. That'll be plenty. Remember--



This is all a part of His plan.

And now you get the other big problem with that whole "Tomorrow People" idea-- and it's got nothing to do with whether you're a mutant or not. See, the thing is--

EGYPT



People don't
like tomorrow.

When they're *scared*, when
everything starts moving
too fast for them, they
want to look to the *past*,
not the *future*.

Every new threat to our *security*
is answered with a call to remember
the triumphs of our *history*. Every
great revolution of *science* is
answered by a mass movement
back towards *religion*.

The more frightening what comes *next* is,
the more we look back at what *once was*.
We call out to the ghosts of yesterday to
save us from the dangers of tomorrow.

So with the world going up in flames
all around us, with the end of everything
so close at hand--and a bunch of would-
be *prophets* and *priests* crying out
to the God of their forefathers for
salvation and *vengeance*...

Imagine our surprise
when *He* finally
answered.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Q&A WITH PACO MEDINA

Favorite character to draw?

I would say that Kitty and Rogue are the definite winners! Yet I'm starting to really like villains. I never had the chance before to draw Pietro and he is a fabulous character!

Any characters you're hoping to draw?

I'm a big Marvel fan, I love its characters so this question is really difficult, but I love Banshee! Nick, I want Banshee in Ultimate Comics X-Men!

How are your X-Men going to be different than what's come before?

This series focuses on the younger characters, and over their heads rests the future of the Ultimate Universe. Secrets will be revealed and they will change our concept of what it is to be a mutant. This series marks the beginning of a brand-new Ultimate Universe. And Nick Spencer is great. I feel he is perfect for this book because his vision is not only fresh, but totally mature and solid. Honestly I've been amazed with each script.

What are you most excited about in the new Ultimate Comics X-Men?

Wow...everything! Our readers will truly enjoy the book, it's amazing.

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ULTIMATE COMICS

X-MEN #3



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